



[private] Woke up, got out of bed



Chaz

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MOOD: 😞 tired

MUSIC: depositions

Thank you, brain. Thank you, subconscious. Yes, I really needed to know that that thing they show people doing in movies, where they start up in bed from a sound sleep, is not only real, but an understatement. Reality is more like, sound asleep to the bedroom door--zero to sixty--as fast as the skeletal muscles will contract.

Not to mention thinking I was going to have a heart attack.

I couldn't shake it. The room was too small, and too dark, and so quiet. I had a crazy moment when I thought, "What if I'm dead? Would I know?" I needed someplace to go that wasn't where I was.

So I dragged the blanket off the bed and half-crawled up to the Beach. Wrapped myself in the blanket and waited for my heart to stop trying to break my ribs.

Even at night, there's cars going by down in the street. I heard the neighbors' air conditioners humming away like cicadas with no high frequencies. It smelled like car exhaust and roof coating and the early-morning prep at the diner down the block. Now and then a bat went over, half-invisible like a Romulan ship with a wonky cloaking device.

I thought of that song--that song that everybody thinks of in those circumstances--and started singing, really softly, "When I come home feeling tired and beat..."

I almost stopped. But it felt right. Sad, but right. So I went on. And after a while I noticed that my heart was back to normal. Exhausted, though. God, that wears a person out. I lay back to rest a little before I went downstairs.

And fell asleep.

Parts of me are stiff and sore today, including my brain. But I think the brain part might have been true even without the weird sleeping arrangement.

TAGS: the new normal (or not)

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

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